

Schedule for Hooligans

0500 Rise and Shine + Breakfast

0545-1200 Fun Activities

1200 Lunch

1245-2100 More Fun Activities

2100 Curfew

2200 Supper + Hit the Hay

You will receive little boy breaks when I tell you that you can. If you deserve them.

Oh yeah. Almost forgot.

Rules:

No smoking.

You will call me by sir or chief.

No trying to break out of the cuffs.

No being late.

No smart-mouthing.

No trashing the place.

No drinking.

No running from my property.

No fighting.

Yours Truly,

Sir

Camp Know Where & No Way Out by [yuuri_off_ice](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Summer Camp, Billy and Steve having to put up with each other, Comedy, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Eventual Smut, F/F, F/M, Hopper loving his job finally, M/M, Maybe - Freeform, One Pairing Boot Camp, Sexual Content, Sexual Tension, Slow Burn, Training Camp, except there's no dancing, music inserts for aesthetic purposes, think Dirty Dancing aesthetic but with Billy and Steve

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: In-Progress

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Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,027

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Summary:

Billy and Steve have caused enough chaos in the small town of Hawkins, Indiana and Hopper is about to change all of that.

"Welcome to camp, boys!"

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

I insert songs for aesthetic reasons. I hope that doesn't bother anyone.

I also made sure to use trigger warnings for anyone who may need them :)

Please use the tag #CKWANWO if you are referencing this fanfic so that I can check it out! ^^

Thank you and enjoy!

“Why do you always have to be such a jerk.”

That was it. Those words are what put Steve Harrington into this whole fucking mess. He just had to open his big mouth.

“Sorry, I didn’t quite catch that Harrington?” a cold voice began, his shoulders almost seeming to bulk up even more than they already were. In that moment, Steve inhaled the thick scent of cigarette smoke flooding from his mouth which now showed his bare teeth and the source of the stench.

“You heard me man. You are just a coward and a fucking jerk with no pride.”

He just had to push it, didn't he?

A scoff escaped from Billy Hargrove's smirk. He emitted a laugh that was full of "I'm going to fuck you up" before making eye contact with Steve. His bulky, tattooed arm swung straight up at Steve, producing a loud pop to his jaw. The sheer force of contact sent him stumbling backwards.

TW: blood and violence

Steve slowly brought a hand up to his pouty lips, blood now bearing his knuckles. No one fucked with his pretty-boy face. He needed that along with his perfect hair and surviving in this shitty town was already hard enough. It was also the only thing allowing him to keep his job at this point. Not that his next choice would probably end that, maybe.

"Aww come on. Where did King Steve go? Surely, he isn't running away with his tail between his legs like a little bitch. No wonder you hang with that other red-headed bitch- "Steve immediately struck Billy back, busting his lip as well. His cigarette flew from his mouth, now on the ground. Steve could see its cindering embers, almost matching his current state. Both him and Billy were thrown to the ground, pummeling each other endlessly.

Blood spattered everywhere, flying left and right. It was thick and viscous as it lay on the grass blades and came endlessly. There was a blurred chant coming from some people in the background but Steve could only focus on this bastard as much as his swollen, half-lidded eyes would let him.

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END of TW

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Steve's vision was slowly starting to blur until he saw *it*.

The red and blue lights.

They were in the distance, flashing and gaining speed. Weird, he didn't think "seeing the light" would be plural. Let alone, the light being both red and blue.

Huh.

"Shit." Billy coughed, standing up to attempt his escape. Yet, Steve still had a hard grip on him. "Fucking let go Harrington!" he demanded, gripping Steve's bruised wrists.

"Mm-mm." Steve mumbled, shaking his head. If he was going to die, Billy would too.

Soon, Steve slipped into full darkness. Shit. He didn't want to die like this. Not by Billy fucking Hargrove.

How embarrassing.

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“Oh finally. He’s awake.” A harsh voice spoke. Ow, everything was suddenly loud. Confusion struck until he slowly opened his swollen eyes. “Enjoy your little nap? Well, congrats, it’s over. Welcome to hell kid.” Steve felt a calloused hand pat his bruised cheek. Each slapping sound pierced his ears.

“Ow...the hell? Hopper?” He managed to get out. Everything was slowly coming to him. He definitely wasn’t dead. For now, at least. Instead, he was what seemed to be Hopper’s place. Steve sat on the lumpy couch, in front of cheap-looking coffee table. On the table was a bulky mug. The scent of coffee was nearly giving him a headache already. It was black and bitter.

Oh, and look. Right across from him was Satan himself and the two of them were sharing the couch. Fun.

Hopper was right. This was hell.

“What are you looking at?” Billy squinted his eyes. He was definitely pissed. Pissed and wanting to end what began earlier.

“Hey. Watch it.” Hopper crossed his arms over his wide chest. He gave Billy a hard gaze before looking back to Steve.

For once, Steve was glad to be in the presence of a cop and in...were those hand-cuffs?!

“Hopper what the hell? Why am I in cuffs?” Steve questioned, wondering just what was happening. He didn’t even do anything wrong!

“I think the question is why you aren’t in cuffs.”

“....um no. My question is why I’m in them.”

“.....”

“.....”

“Right. Well, that would spoil the fun if I just answered that for you. So why do you think you are Steve?”

“Probably something to do with that asshole.” He nudged towards Billy. The bastard just glared at him with side-eye.

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TW: gun-pointing

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“ERRRRRR! WRONG.” Hopper suddenly pulled a gun out and pointed it at Steve.

“Whoa-whoa HOLY SHIT. HOPPER. WHAT THE FUCK. WHAT. WHAT DID I DO?!” Steve held his cuffed hands in the air. His wrists shook with fear. Billy tensed up as well, hoping the gun wouldn’t be pointing at him soon.

“Try again kid.”

“FUCK I DON’T KNOW.”

“WRONG AGAIN. ONE MORE STRIKE AND YOU’RE OUT.”

“OKAY-OKAY. I’M SORRY I STOLE YOUR COP CAR THAT ONE TIME WHEN I WAS A KID. I DIDN’T KNOW THE CREEK WAS THAT DEEP. I DIDN’T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE YET. YOU CAN’T BLAME ME. IT WAS TOO FUN- I MEAN I’M SORRY.”

“Wait- that was YOU?!” He pressed the gun to Steve’s now sweaty forehead.

“Was that.... not the right answer?”

“.....” Hopper fumed red. “NO DAMN IT.” He pulled the trigger,

earning a scream from Steve until he slowly realized it was water coming out of the gun and onto his face.

END of TW

“What...?” Steve panted; his eyes closed from the water on them. He brought his cuffed hand up to wipe it away. He had been duped.

“Dumbass.” Billy remarked, earning a water-shot as well. He spit the water away. “Fuck you too.”

“Listen up kiddos. The reason your ass isn’t behind bars right now is because I am granting you a chance.”

“A second chance you mean?” Steve interrupted. Hopper gazed at him, removing his reflective aviators.

“NO. I DON’T mean. One chance. Now, you are both in cuffs right now because I’m allowing it because I PITY YOU. Both of you idiots fight CONSTANTLY, causing commotion all over this damned place and disturbing little, poor-old Miss Wheatley and her afternoon cup of tea with Mister Whiskers.”

“Pfft- Mister Whiskers?”

“Shut up Harrington.” Billy sighed deeply.

“So, it’s because of BOTH OF YOU that you are in cuffs. And it’s because of what I’m offering that is going to change that.”

“And that offer is?” Billy began.

“I’m glad you asked.” Hopper smiled all giddy-like and lit up a cigarette, letting the flame flicker there for some time. He smirked, taking a long hit. “Come with me.” The two of them groaned, getting up. Steve immediately trip and fell, now realizing his ankles were also cuffed.

“Oh yeah. Forgot to tell you that you’re double-cuffed.” Hopper spoke proudly.

“Gee thanks.”

“Don’t mention it kid.”

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[Spirit in the Sky by Norman Greenbaum]

Eventually, the three of them made it outside. The sun beamed down heavily on them as they stood in Hopper's backyard, surrounded by nothing but trees and flat-land. Typical Indiana.

In front of them was a tall cabin or shack. It wasn't too big, just big enough for maybe three people to fit inside and move around properly. There was a single window with no blinds. The roof was rusty-old tin and on the front of the door hung a large American flag that flowed proudly in the wind. This was way too extra.

"So...what the hell is this?" Billy spoke up first, eyeing the structure that creaked with the heated breeze in the air.

"This, is your new home. The two of you will be staying here from now on, until you shape up and stop being...well yourselves."

Steve laughed. "No fucking way."

"Actually, yes fuckin' WAY." Hopper spoke with sarcasm, as always. "Oh and no need to pull the 'I'm entitled and have parents who bow to me card' because I've contacted both of your families and they are totally cool with it. Isn't that just exciting?"

"Depends on what *it* is."

"*It*, is this." Hopper picked up a sign post that leaned against the cabin and began hammering it into the ground, right in front of the cabin. In a horribly-done fashion, the sign, covered in white paint,

read:

Camp Know Where & No Way Out

“Welcome boys, to the rest of your life from here on out. See the pun I pulled on ‘No’? It means you don’t *know* where you are and the ending is as simple as it gets, so.” Hopper dusted off his hands, scuffing them together.

“Is this some sort of joke? Because its hilarious.” Steve smirked, using his ego to try not to seem so terrified. There was no way in hell that he would be staying in the same place as Billy.

Hopper laughed, walking over to the two of them. He began undoing their handcuffs. “Shit. Well, I tried, didn’t I?” He finished undoing Billy’s and had one left to do on Steve. Yet, he paused.

“I knew it. Like hell you would-” Steve boasted until he felt Hopper tug his cuff, wrapping the other side around Billy’s wrist. The two boys’ eyes grew wide with shock.

“Oh, forgot to mention. I lied.”

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you all for the support already!

It makes me so happy knowing people actually like what I'm writing ^^ woohoo!

Enjoy the new chapter :)

“Hey what in the hell!” Billy tugged at the handcuff, yanking Steve along with it. He grabbed the silver chain, his knuckles turning white as his fire-filled eyes aimed at Hopper. “No-no-no. There’s no fucking way I am going to be cuffed to pretty princess over here, okay? Take them off.” He demanded, walking up to Hopper. Steve staggered behind. It was that same approach he used on Steve nearly every time they met. One filled with anger and impatience.

“Not happening bud.” The chief cop crossed his arms over his chest. He too was losing his patience and it was very apparent.

“Take. Them. Off.” Billy threatened, bringing his leg up to kick Hopper’s chest but failed miserably when Hopper grabbed his leg, lifting it up until it sent Billy backwards along with Steve. The two of them slammed onto the grassy-ground, breaths escaping both of them.

“Ow...” Steve groaned with a stinging back.

“Try that again and I’ll cuff your legs together too.” Hopper threatened, bending over Billy.

“Way to go dick-wad.”

“Can it Harrington.”

“Both of you can it!” Hopper shouted. He grabbed the chain between them, lifting it so that they would get up.

“How am I supposed to do shit cuffed like this?” Billy started back up, instantly annoying Hopper. Steve was curious too. Just what was Hopper’s goal? Surely, he wouldn’t keep the two of them like this for a long period of time. There was no way they could keep it together. Literally.

“Yeah, and how long will we be cuffed for? I need to shower and change eventually. This is ridiculous Hopper.”

“Then IMPROVISE. And yeah, it is ridiculous, but you should’ve thought about punishment earlier and stopped causing absolute mayhem!” There was that tone again. The “I mean business” tone.

The two boys rolled their eyes. This was stupid. Just stupid! How were the two of them supposed to even live like this? All of this was just so irritating.

“Now, I have more little surprises for you two but it’ll have to wait until tomorrow. *Murder, She Wrote* comes on soon and I could go for

a drink or two. Have fun. Everything you need will be in the cabin. Oh, and here's the keys. Don't lose them." Hopper tossed Steve a silver key on a string. He nearly dropped it, not paying much attention. Hopper shook his head. He really needed to straighten these two out.

And with that, Hopper retreated into his trailer home never to be seen again. For now.

"Well, fuck." Billy didn't sound pleased one bit. Steve wasn't either but what the hell they were supposed to do about this?! Seriously.

"Great. This is just great. I have to be handcuffed to *you*. This isn't happening. It has to be a dream."

"Well don't cream your pants pretty-boy."

"Shut up. You're not funny. You're an asshole. Which is why I don't want to be this close to your smug face." Steve shook their wrists, the cuffs clinking together loudly.

"And you think I *do*? Like hell! I need to find a way out of this. There's a hammer I could use to break the chain at my place. Let's go." Billy immediately took off, dragging Steve along with him. The hard surface of the hand-cuff rubbed against his wrists, hurting a fuck ton.

"Ow. Wait, what if- "the two of them immediately stopped in their

tracks when they saw Hopper standing on the side of his trailer with shotgun. He cocked it, reloading the thing as its sound echoed throughout all of Hawkins. “Shit.” Steve gulped.

“Also, you try to run from here and I’ll have my whole team after your sorry asses. Including me. Got it?” Of course, Hopper wouldn’t go so far as to shoot them or any of their limbs. Right? Well, it was certainly enough to keep both of them from walking any further.

The two of them quickly walked back to the cabin, defeated.

“That son of a bitch thinks he’s hot shit.” Billy mumbled to himself. Steve decided not to add to it, considering how afraid he was. He wouldn’t risk his skin.

The sun was already starting to set. Light blue faded to orange, pinks, and purple scattered about. The sun itself was now a deep crimson, looking like a strawberry, its beams and waves almost forming mirages.

Fuck, it was hot and the bugs were all starting to buzz around.

Mosquitos suck.

“Give me the fucking key.” Billy sighed, holding his hand out to Steve. *Well*, he gave in quick. Steve nodded, handing him the key to use to open the door. Billy was radiating heat considering how warm his hand was when Steve grazed against it. He must have been really

upset. It showed considerably.

Steve instantly took the key back however, since he didn't trust this asshole at all to not end up losing it. He would probably even throw it away or melt it with his lighter or something crazy like that. Who knows?

The two of them entered the log cabin, getting a look at what they would have to put up with for God knows how long.

Firstly, there was a single, long hallway that led to a room with two wooden beds on opposite sides of each other. The hallway was maybe eight steps long and each bed had a lumpy, old mattress along with sheets and a thin, scruffy blanket. There was hardly any room between the two beds. Not even a room divider between. Just a window on the wall and the floorboards. Well, this was going to be a pain in the ass.

"Fuck everything about this." Billy scoffed, noticing a white envelope on the window sill. He reached for it, opening it with no hesitation:

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No smart-mouthing.

No trashing the place.

No drinking.

No running from my property.

No fighting.

Yours Truly,

Sir

(use this link if image isn't showing ----> <https://ibb.co/QP5G0XK>)

“He has got to be kidding.” Steve looked over the paper along with

Billy. “And what exactly are *fun activities*?”

“I don’t know. He’ll probably have us play Candyland and Hungry Hungry Hippo together.”

There was an awkward pause between them.

“.... You think so?”

Billy slowly gazed over at Steve and smacked the side of his head.

“No, idiot. It’s some kind of punishment obviously. This is all your fault.”

“Ow. My fault? You’re the one who always bothers everyone. You are the one who goes around picking fights left and right. Not me. I was fine until you showed up.”

“Oh, I bet you were *King* Steve. I heard how much of a little bitch you were. How now one liked you and how everyone thought you were a dick too. You are no different than me. So don’t fucking tell me otherwise.” He shoved Steve, riling him up.

There was a tense heat between them as they both glared at one another. Steve’s dark-brown eyes met Billy’s ice-cold, blue ones that almost seemed to stab through him.

“As much as I’d like to hand your ass to you right now, we are cuffed together. Not the best idea. So, knock it off man.” Steve did have a point. Billy did want to serve a good beating or two to him but he was in this shitty situation. Fucking hell. This whole thing was exhausting.

“No way you could anyways.” Billy boasted. He really had no doubts, did he? “Whatever, I’m passing out. I don’t want to keep hearing you talk. It’s annoying.”

“Same here.” They both turned to the beds, remembering that they weren’t made. Sighs escaped their lips.

It was going to be a long night.

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It was hard to get any sleep since the two had to sleep while one of their arms dangled off the beds, the cuffed side. They eventually drifted off though, somehow.

At some point, Steve woke. Moonlight shone through the window onto his face when he slowly opened his eyes. Lighting bugs flowed around the window outside, chilling in the grassy field. Then he noticed something else. He vaguely recalled hearing what sounded like Billy talking in his sleep.

Except he sounded terrified and scared.

Steve listened to the clinking sound of the chain from Billy shaking slightly. He glanced over at his body which was all pushed together, tossing and turning.

“...stop...please...I didn’t.... please...no...”

The caring side of Steve wanted to reach over and wake him up. Especially if it was Robin or one of the kids. Then he would have. But this was Billy and he hated his guts. Billy, who didn’t care about anyone but himself. Billy, who harasses the kids and who thinks he’s powerful and strong.

He didn’t deserve anyone’s comfort or worry.

Right?

Steve quickly drifted back to sleep, making himself believe what he just witnessed was all just a dream.

It was just a dream.